

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

E. P. WORCESTER & CO., Publishers.

COLBY, - - - - - KANSAS.

MY TREASURES.

My children, how many? Why bless you, there's four.
Two rollicking, fun-loving boys,
Who always give mamma enough work to do.
But working is one of my joys.

Dear Baby, who "helps mamma lots," in her way.
And my baby so winning and sweet,
Bright jewels adorning my wifehood's crown
In a home where angels may meet.

At the close of the day, I sit down beside
My baby, to lull her to sleep;
In sweet dreams of childhood, the others re-
pose;
Kind Father, Thy watch o'er them keep!

You ask me I worried with trouble and care;
Ah, no, it is restful and sweet,
To be the fond mother of blossoms so fair,
To guide in the right their young feet.

"Would I wish to exchange?" Not for king-
dom or crown;
Nor for all of your wealth, and your
pleasures;
You keep your fair lands and your couches of
down,
I'll keep what is best, my four treasures.

—E. P. Worcester, in Good Housekeeping.

JOHN'S STORY.

The Deceits and Horrors of a Gambling Establishment.

"Well, would you like to hear my adventure in New Orleans?" John Bright leaned his elbow on the arm of the red plush chair in which he sat, with a thoughtful look in his dark-blue eyes.

"Why, yes, of course."
"By all means."
Eugene Carthon and his sister looked eagerly at the handsome blonde in front of them.

They had been talking about the New Orleans Exposition which all had visited the winter before, and naturally their conversation had drifted into personal reminiscences and criticisms on the ways and manners of the people of that beautiful Southern city.

"Did you really have an adventure?" asked Nell, eyeing him questioningly from under her long dark lashes. They had intended to meet in the Crescent City, but through some misunderstanding the Carthon family had missed him. Nell had always felt a little aggrieved over this, just as if John had really been to blame in the matter, and an allusion to their sojourn in the South brought back that vague feeling of disappointment which had mingled itself with all her enjoyments while there.

Not that she cared any thing for John Bright. Oh, no; not even to herself did she ever admit that. But then he was Eugene's most intimate friend, and he was such a bright, companionable fellow, how could she help liking him a little?—just for Eugene's sake, you know. She sincerely believed that it was her love for her brother that made her so solicitous always for his friend's comfort and so anxious to make him always feel at home and thoroughly welcome in her father's house.

And if women will deceive themselves so ingeniously in these little matters no one can blame them. The reality seems all the prettier when they surprise themselves into the admission one day that brotherly love is not such a powerful motor after all.

"Well, go on with your story," said Eugene, lighting a cigarette, with his sister's permission, and puffing away expectantly. "I'll be getting drowsy, presently, if you don't wake me up with your thrilling episode."

"Well"—John twirled his blonde mustache reflectively, ignoring the last remark—"I was walking down Canal street one afternoon, when it began to rain."

"Remarkable! when it was in the rainy season," interrupted Eugene, who seemed determined not to be led into thinking his friend had met with any extraordinary adventure.

"Eugene, do hush!" Nell said, imploringly; but John did not seem to mind his friend's quizzing in the least.

"As I said, I was walking down Canal street, when it began to rain, not violently, but enough to make a man feel uncomfortable and the feathers on a woman's bonnet limp. Fortunately I had an umbrella, which of course immediately raised. Just as I did so a young lady came out of one of the large dry-goods stores behind me. She stood irresolute for a moment as though nonplussed by the rain, yet an evident anxiety possessing her to reach the car."

"Instantly I found myself in a strange dilemma. What should I do? There was a young lady, delicate and beautiful, richly attired in garments which the rain would certainly damage, without the slightest protection from the elements; while I, not three feet distant, was possessed of an umbrella large enough to shelter two. It seemed like a piece of impertinence, yet on the impulse of the moment I mustered all my gallantry, and, stepping forward, offered to escort her to the car."

"To my surprise, and I must say pleasure, she accepted gratefully, and we walked to the next corner to meet the car. I noted then the extreme loveliness of her beauty, which was of the pure creole type, and the marvelous fineness of her toilet, which showed in its richness of coloring the Southern taste. I could not censure her for her hesitation in exposing herself to the disastrous effects of the rain."

At this juncture Nell, curled up on one end of the sofa with her Kensington in her lap, looked very grave. She could not quite approve of handsome blonde strangers offering umbrellas to unknown ladies. It might have been the "extreme loveliness" of the creole belle which made the offense so heinous in her eyes, but she would have been shocked had you suggested such a thing.

"When we reached the corner there was no car," John continued. "Being in 'Mardigras' time, there was always more or less delay. When the car did arrive it was so crowded there was not

a foothold. The next and next proved to be the same. Unconsciously we walked on, the young lady by almost imperceptible guidance directing our footsteps. We walked along the Rue Royale, quite into the heart of the old French town, the young lady scarcely seeming aware of the fact that we had traversed so many blocks. I was too delighted with her bright conversation and naïveté to wish to undeceive her, and so we walked along until she stopped suddenly in front of one of those gloomy French houses, so dreary in exterior appearance, but often beautiful and gay within. A high wall surrounded the dwelling, surmounted by rails driven in so that the points projected upward, a sure safeguard against marauders. As usual, a high balcony graced the front of the house. From the gate—a massive iron-barred one—a stone paved led up to the old-fashioned door.

"I feel very grateful," she said, lifting her big eyes to mine with a shadow of timidity in their depths which made them all the lovelier; and, she hesitated a little, "I know my father would wish to thank you also, if—"

"If you only knew whom to thank," I added, with a conscious shame at my own lack of courtesy. Now, I don't know what devilry prompted me to the action, but instead of handing her my own card I gave her one of Frank Smith's, a young fellow rooming with me at the St. Charles, a drummer for a large hat firm in Detroit. His name graced the card in full, and also 'Tremoine & Leeman,' the name of the firm he was connected with. It was a foolish thing to do, yet I never expected to see the young lady again, and I suppose it occurred to me that it would be a good joke on Smith.

"To my great astonishment she recognized the first name."

"You must come in and see my father," she said. "Mr. Tremoine is an old friend of ours, and he will be so delighted to see you."

"Into what kind of a scrape had I gotten myself? I declined as courteously as possible, and tried to hasten away; but just then an old gentleman appeared at the door, in answer to our ring at the gate, for, as you remember, in New Orleans most of the bells are on the front gate."

"In a few words the young lady explained the situation. With a true Southern hospitality he invited me to enter, thanking me in most voluble terms for my kindness to his daughter. Seeing I would offend by not accepting their invitation, I stepped in with them. As usual in these French houses, the hall led into a little barren-looking court. From this, however, we entered into an apartment that was elegantly furnished."

"A servant took my umbrella and hat, and the old gentleman pushed forward a handsome easy-chair for me, seating himself near me. The young lady disappeared, reappearing in a little while in a charming dinner-dress of garnet satin."

"I confess I was a little dazed by the sudden turn affairs had taken, and the tete-a-tete with the gentleman, whose name I ascertained to be De Chartre, was not embarrassing, for he asked me a score of questions about Detroit and the people there, all of which I never having been in that city, was obliged to answer at random, or from vague reminiscences of what Smith had told me casually."

"I tried in vain to turn the subject, and had almost given myself up to desperate fibbing when I chanced to perceive that a piano was behind me. During a momentary lull in the conversation, in which De Chartre was probably trying to reconcile my rambling information with his own knowledge and conjectures, I turned to the young lady, requesting some music."

"To my relief she consented immediately, thus saving her father from any further surprises in the way of chaotic guessing on my part. She sang and played quite prettily, and I found myself even more prepossessed than I had been at first."

"After she had played several songs I arose to go, but as I did so dinner was announced, and I was urgently invited by them both to remain. Again I saw that to refuse would be to offend, so, in order to preserve Smith's reputation from further damage, I accepted, resolving that I would exert my talents to the utmost in being entertaining. You see, I wanted them to speak a good word for Smith if ever they should chance to communicate with this Tremoine, whom I heartily wished at the bottom of the sea."

"The dinner was served in good style, and quite enjoyed by Smith, who was sometimes rather dilatory in responding to his name, but who managed to keep the upper hand in the conversation, not allowing the old gentleman a single gap in which to insert his inquiries about Detroit and the Tremoines."

"After dinner we adjourned to the parlor—that is, the young lady, and myself—the old gentleman going off for a smoke, in which I declined to join him."

"The rain which had been mild at first, now turned into a raging torrent. It beat savagely against the windows, and the wind swept mournfully through the court. Now and then it crept under the doors and into the room, bringing a faint scent of the orange-blossoms that were being swept from their stems on the bending trees without. But the inclemency of the weather outside only made the comfort and brightness of the apartment seem more perfect."

"With such a charming hostess the moments sped swiftly. I became more and more enthralled with her dark eyes and her gracious manners, so typical of the grace which has made the creole women celebrated. Besides, the novelty of the situation made it seem tenfold more attractive. I began to tremble vaguely for Smith's peace of mind. It would be superhuman for a man to resist the fascination of the lovely creole. I don't know to what length I might have committed myself, had not the door opened and Monsieur De Chartre once more appeared upon the scene. As it was, I think he surprised me saying some foolishly tender things to his daughter."

"I looked at my watch. A flush of shame crept over me. It was past ten o'clock. I felt that I had infringed on the hospitality extended to me. I began to apologize, but Monsieur De Chartre stopped me.

"My dear sir," he said, cordially, "you can not go out in such a storm. I will not permit it. My home is large. We have ample accommodations. Remain with us to-night."

"I hesitated a moment; the rain beating on the window-pane seemed dismal enough. Besides, I was in a part of the city with which I was unfamiliar. I might lose my way and wander about those narrow streets for hours; and then blood-curdling tales came back to me of strangers who had been robbed and half murdered in those dark thoroughfares. I had a valuable watch and chain and quite a sum of money about me, which I would not care to lose. I confess the idea of venturing out into that pitiless storm, in the heart of the high-walled, mysterious French town, unprotected by a weapon of any sort, rather dismayed me. Yet I remembered that I had made arrangements to leave the city in the morning, and I intimated as much to Monsieur De Chartre."

"That will not incommode us at all," he said, politely. "I will leave word with one of the servants to unlatch the door and gate at five o'clock. You can rise then and leave the house at your pleasure. If you desire a cup of coffee Jacques will have it ready for you."

"I thanked him sincerely. I could not feel grateful enough for such a warm and cordial hospitality. It is true indeed that these Southerners have the kindest and most hospitable hearts in the world. An old and valued friend of the family could scarcely have been treated more kindly than I, a complete stranger, save for the slight stamp of genuineness which 'Tremoine & Leeman' gave me in this most elegant and beautiful home, every part of which betokened the wealth and position of the owner."

"A few moments later Jacques came to show me to my room. With a lingering glance I bade the young lady good-night. It seemed to me that her beautiful eyes were filled with a shadow of regret for our brief acquaintance. Her father followed me to the court without, after giving me several messages for Mr. Tremoine and other friends in Detroit, all of which I promised to carry faithfully. Then with a courtly good-night he intrusted me to the care of the waiting African attendant."

"My apartment was handsomely furnished, in keeping with the rest of the house. It was apparently a back room connecting with one in front of the house by heavy folding doors across which a rich crimson portiere fell."

"Jacques brought me a pitcher of fresh water and some clean towels, and then, mumbling something in his unintelligible crude French, bowed himself out."

"I examined the room carefully, looked at the doors except the folding one, which I found fastened on the other side, and went to sleep thinking what a capital joke this was on Smith, who was undoubtedly reposing beautifully in room 105, at the St. Charles, unconscious of the strange escapade I had gotten him into. I resolved to write to the young lady as soon as I left the city, informing her of my little deception and introducing the original Smith, whom I was quite sure would fall head over ears in love with her at sight. Poor Smith, I was just mulling over his future most beautifully, when Morpheus seized me and carried me off into dreamland."

"About midnight I was awakened by a slight noise in the room. I listened, but all was as still as death. Apparently the whole household had fallen into slumber. I attributed the sound to my own imagination, and was about to compose myself to slumber, when a cold chill crept over me. I was sensible of a near presence. The room was intensely dark and I could see nothing. Neither could my faculties, which were now thoroughly acute, perceive the slightest movement or sound. Yet my blood ran cold with the premonition of evil. I could feel a cold sweat breaking out all over me—the chill crept to the very roots of my hair."

"With a sudden bound I leaped from the bed. The matches were on a table near. I struck one and looked around, half expecting to see some uncanny shape leap out of the gloom and attack me; but the room was empty. I lit the lamp and examined the apartment carefully, but all was as secure as when I retired."

"With an impatient condemnation of my weakness I went to bed again, leaving the lamp burning low. As I am no believer in haunted houses and my digestion is unusually good, I soon sank into a deep slumber."

"About two hours later, however, I was again awakened by that mysterious sensation. Again the cold chills, betokening some evil unknown presence, crept over me. A terrible presentiment took possession of me. I dared not move for a second. My knees trembled, the cold drops of moisture stood on my brow. What could it be—this awful presence that seemed to lay cold fingers upon me in the darkness and wake me from my sleep? I lay there shivering as though chilled by some actual, icy touch for a moment, then my healthy, vigorous physique reasserted itself. I was no coward even to myself. I rose stealthily and crept to the light, turning the full blaze on suddenly."

"A change in the room startled me. The heavy portiere was thrown aside, the folding-doors stood wide open. Resolved to penetrate this mystery, I stepped into the other room."

"A cry of horror escaped me as I did so. I stood in the middle of the floor, petrified, the very blood freezing in my veins. There on the bed lay a man with his throat gashed from ear to ear, the red blood oozing slowly upon the white counterpane and the rich carpet beneath. His wide eyes were upturned to the ceiling, his white face transfigured with the death agony."

"For a second I stood there as if frozen to the spot, my senses reeling, my hands clinched in a sudden agony of mortal terror; then like a flash of lightning the truth swept over me. A terrible crime had been committed. The responsibility was to be laid on me. In the morning the police would come to arrest me. What vestige of power would I have to disprove it?"

"With a sudden, quick energy born

of desperation, I went to my room and dressed myself, leaving not the slightest trace of my presence there. Assuring myself that not a card or a slip of paper was left as a clue to my identity, I took my boots in my hand and crept noiselessly down the stairway."

"When I reached the door beyond the court I shrank back in dismay. I had forgotten it would be locked and barred. I entered the apartment where I had been entertained the night before, hoping to find a window unbolting. To my surprise I heard voices and perceived a light emanating from the room adjoining. The door between was slightly ajar. I walked breathlessly across the room and peeped through the crevice."

"Horrors of horrors! What did I see there? The fine, courtly old gentleman of the night before seated at a faro table, surrounded by a motley crowd, and my fine young lady, the brilliant, sweet-voiced enchantress of the dinner table, dealing out faro blanks opposite!"

"It was enough. I turned away, realizing that I was in New Orleans. I had gotten into one of the worst dens of the French city, and the beautiful creole was probably one of the notorious characters I had so often read of. 'No wonder my blood ran cold. What if I could not escape? These were desperate characters, with whom I could not cope. The outlook was terrifying."

"I tried each window cautiously. They all resisted my efforts to raise them; all but the last—that yielded a little. I struggled mightily, with the strength of despair. In doing so my hand touched a spring which I had not perceived before. In an instant the window was pushed up noiselessly and with a stealthy bound I leaped through, landing unhurt on the ground a few feet below."

"But what to do next? There was that wall, surrounded by its rows of sharp nails. It would have been madness to have attempted to scale it. The gate was barred and fastened with a heavy chain. I could not cry out for assistance; that would have meant certain death from those desperate, dark-browed men at the faro table. What should I do? Again the cold drops of moisture dampened my temple. I was frantic. What should I do?"

John stopped in his narrative and lit the cigarette Eugene had handed him a little while before.

"What did you do?" Eugene was impatient of the delay. He leaned forward anxiously. His own cigarette had gone out. He had forgotten it in his absorbing interest."

"Yes, what did you do?" Nell repeated the question with a terrible anxiety in her brown eyes. Her Kensington lay unheeded on the floor, her elbows rested on her knees, one hand supporting her dimpled, eager face. Her breath came short and fast. She awaited the sequel with sympathizing, anxious eyes."

"Why"—John gave an energetic puff at his cigarette—"I awoke."

Eugene sank back in his chair and Nell collapsed physically and mentally, picking up her work with a disgusted air."

"Sold, by Jove!" exclaimed Eugene, after a pause, looking admiringly at his friend. "It is the best sell of the season."

"Oh, you horrible wretch!" cried Nell, when she recovered her breath; and so it was all a dream?"

"Yes," answered John, coldly. "I awoke in room 105, at the St. Charles, with Smith asking me if I mistook him for a brick wall or a lamppost, that I was pounding him so vigorously."

Nell did not seem to care much for the sell so long as the beautiful creole had proved a myth. The story had awakened her consciousness a little, and she seemed a little shyer of John for several days afterwards. But I am happy to say that she was a sensible girl, and when John asked her if she only loved him for Eugene's sake, she answered, candidly "No." Thus came the sequel to "John's Story."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MEDICAL QUACKS.

The Latest Dodge for Robbing a Long-Suffering Public.

It is now the latest dodge of medical quacks who impose upon the credulity of the unsuspecting, to advertise their nostrums under the head of some so-called company. Perhaps the charlatan's name does not appear at all, but the so-called "Company" is spread all over his circulars, pamphlets, etc. A subscriber sends us a circular letter, which he has received from one of these "Companies," which cures all diseases mankind is heir to, and forwards medicines "prepared with the greatest care for each case, securely packed in a plain box." But before the medicine is forwarded, the patient is asked to answer the following, among a great variety of other questions propounded in the circular letter:

What is your age? (Just as if ladies question) Is your partner healthy? Have you worked hard? From what do you suffer most? How is your sight? What is your height? What is your weight? Is your tongue coated, and if so what color? Are your brothers and sisters healthy? Do you ever have dizzy, faint or blind spells? Is your hearing good?

After being bombarded with these and forty-four other similar questions, the unfortunate who may receive this circular letter, is finally plumply asked to tell the "Company" this, to-wit: "Do you feel discouraged, gloomy and melancholy at times?" If after running his eye down the long list of diseases of numerous kinds enumerated in this circular letter, the recipient does not feel "discouraged, gloomy and melancholy," he must have a pretty good constitution and is not easily discomposed.—American Agriculturist.

—Wyoming cattle kings have purchased 67,200 acres in Hillsboro and Manatee Counties, Fla., for a cattle range. The price paid was \$84,500 cash.

—The Churchman indignantly calls the prevailing style of ball-room dress "insolent indecency."

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

An Affliction That is Suffered by the Old and the Young.

Among the many eccentric and sometimes aggravating people of this world the absent-minded folks take a front seat. All people are more or less absent-minded, although some have the peculiarity to a greater degree than others. All old people are absent-minded in one respect, if not in any others. That one respect is the ancient custom of pushing their spectacles up on their foreheads and then looking around and keeping everybody else in the house upon a grand search for the articles, until the owner scratches his or her head in perplexity and the glasses slide down into place upon the nose.

Many old chestnuts are passed around about absent-minded people. Among them is that of the man who started down town from Broadway, and when half way to his destination suddenly remembered that he had left his watch at home. As he doubted very much whether or not he had time to go back after it, he pulled the watch from his pocket to ascertain. Another olive, which when read will call forth a shout of "rats," is that of the guest of the American House who started for the post-office in search of a letter. When he had arrived at the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer streets he met a friend with whom he stopped to chat. As is usual in such cases, the two when they met swung around so that the man who was going to the post-office stood during his chat facing North Denver. When his friend left him, the first man resumed his walk and soon found himself back at the American House.

There are many absent-minded men who can never take a letter to the post-office until they have carried it in their pockets several days after their wives have put the letters in their husbands' hats so that they will be sure not to go away and forget it. Many people are absent-minded about the payment of little bills and the small change which they borrow. The man who tries to unlock his door with a match and to light a cigar with his latch-key may be considered absent-minded, or he may be suspected of absent-mindedness.

It has been said that a young man once went home and put on his best clothes and forgot to take the money out of his everyday pantaloons. In the evening he met the lady of his choice and invited her to take a lunch, which included ice cream. After supper had been eaten the young man discovered that he had left his money at home, and a scene of confusion ensued. That was a case in which absent-mindedness brought about unpleasant results.

All mothers of growing children are proverbially absent-minded. They will promise the little ones a trouncing in five minutes, or "just as soon as I get through this ironing," or to-morrow, and then forget all about it as soon as one of the neighbor-women come in to complain, when the absent-minded lady will forget all about the thrashing, and declare that her child never did a wrong thing since it was born.—Denver Tribune Republican.

HYDROPHOBIA CURES.

The Theory of Pasteur and the Older Treatment of Dr. Buisson.

The brilliant and world-wide reputation of the French scientist whose investigations in the direction of this fatal scourge are upon every tongue would naturally insure prompt and universal attention to any method he should propose for its alleviation. It might even inspire his patients with a faith which might operate with considerable efficacy to restore them, apart from M. Pasteur's innovative experiment in bringing about this happy result. The success with which M. Pasteur has grappled with the most abstract scientific problems in the past may reasonably be expected to shed a luster over his present achievements which may not withstand the influence of time and the test of future opinion.

All of which goes to establish the statement that while all deference should be shown to the opinions of the famous *savant*, it is both just and expedient that the investigations of more obscure individuals should receive due respect and attention.

Amid the heterogeneous mass of theory brought to the surface by the recent agitation, the treatise of one Dr. Buisson has attracted favorable comment in many quarters, and is held by some to present features distinctly more reasonable and acceptable than are possessed by Pasteur's dramatic cure. Dr. Buisson affirms in this treatise, now fifty years old, that he was himself cured of hydrophobia by the treatment prescribed, and that afterward, by the same means, he obtained the complete cure of nearly a hundred people who had been bitten by rabid dogs. Dr. Buisson's method clears the blood of the morbid principle which engenders the rabid state by producing profuse perspiration by the usual means—vapors, baths, compulsory exercise, etc. He claims in its support, as well as the successful test to which he has put it, the fact that animals apt to develop spontaneous madness are the carnivorous that do not greatly perspire, and that man, far from being carnivorous by anatomical structure and physiological functions, possesses numerous sudoriferous glands capable of reaction, if excited, against the presence of a deleterious element.

Twenty years ago Prof. M. Gosselin, of the Faculty of Paris, confirmed in his own experience the theory of Dr. Buisson, and reported his experiments to the Faculty, and it is now receiving serious consideration in scientific circles of France and England.

Whatever the direct benefit humanity may derive from this and kindred plans for the cure of this awful malady, it should never be forgotten that vast good is accomplished if they even prove their own fatuity. And every step along the road to the final victory of science should be taken with encouragement and cheer, however obscure the person who makes the effort.—Washington Post.

—The Churchman indignantly calls the prevailing style of ball-room dress "insolent indecency."

PLAYING THE FIDDLE.

An Editor's Story of How He Once Got Twenty New Subscribers.

The yarns that newspaper men never talk about except sub rosa illustrate the strange vicissitudes to which the man who embarks on the great sea of journalism is subjected. I know not long since that there were several of us congregated together in a favorite haunt, and we naturally began to spin out weird legends connected with the profession which lay nearest our hearts. Said a veteran editor: "Some years ago I was editor, proprietor, typewriter, mail clerk, book-keeper, pressman and devil and Tom Walker of a country weekly. Perhaps weakly would be the proper way to spell it."

"Well, subscriptions were coming in at the rate of two every three weeks, and I was waiting for the forlorn hope of a three-line ad. to assist me in whistling to keep the ghosts off, when a lawyer—the lawyer—of the village in which the *Antagonistic Agitator* was published proposed that we go over to Ragged Edge and attend court. I agreed if he would go halves in the team, so we bulldozed the owner of the only buggy and set out on our journey."

"Ragged Edge was a city set upon a hill. The court-house square was a ten-acre lot, and the jail was built far enough away that the citizens were not disturbed by some fractious criminal engaged in the illegal occupation of jail-breaking. Around the square were several dwellings, two or three general stores and a grocery."

"I put up at the only hotel in the place, which was a cross between an inn and a farm-house, and when I ate supper I did so with a timid feeling, for I still had a conscience then, knowing that unless Providence interposed I would leave the town indebted to the landlord the amount of my bill, minus one year's subscription to the *Agitator* and a half-column puff."

After supper I strolled down to the grocery. In and around it were assembled ten or fifteen jurors, litigants and court bums. On a barrel in one corner sat a fiddler, sawing away for dear life, while the audience chatted in low tones, so as not to embarrass the musician. I introduced myself as editor of the *Agitator*, and all looked at me in a suspicious way, as if they were uncertain of my calling. Two or three outsiders came in to get a good look at me. Having learned to play the fiddle in my youth, the thought struck me to try it on that audience, and when the fiddle stopped for a rest I took up the instrument and began to rasp out a few notes.

"Do you play the fiddle, mister?" asked the grocery-keeper.

"A little," I replied.

"Play the dickens!" muttered a fellow, as he took a fresh chew of tobacco.

"That remark got my blood up, and tuning the rickety instrument I began to give them 'Old Rousum the Bow.' By the time I got through the boys were all silent, and the crowd had increased until there was no longer standing-room in the building."

"Give us another," 'That's bully,' 'My treat,' 'come on and have something,' were the remarks heard on every side.

"After the drinks I began again, and it was late before they let me off."

"Boys, that feller deserves something," said the man of groceries; 'chip in, now, and take his paper.'"

"And I'll be blessed if I didn't get twenty new subscribers before I left the house."—Atlanta Constitution.

ALMOST DANGEROUS.

The Perilous Amusement of Two Aggrieved Colored Gentlemen.

There were three of us walking over the battle-field of Chickamunga, when we met a colored man in the woods with an old army musket on his shoulder. When asked what game he was after he replied:

"I 'ze lookin' fur a pusson named Joe Peasley, an' when I sot eyes on him he's gwine to drop!"

"What's Joe been doing?"

"He stole my wife away. I 'ze been layin' fur him dese las' sixteen y'ars."

"You have been a long time getting mad about it."

"Dat's a fact, but I 'ze mad now."

He dropped behind, and pretty soon we encountered a second colored man. He also had a musket on his shoulder and a tragic look on his face.

"After squirrels?" was asked, as he halted.

"No, sah! I 'ze arter a pusson named Sam Benham, an' when I sot eyes on him he kin say far well to dis world!"

"What's Sam been doing?"

"Run'd off wid my wife, sah. I 'ze bin huntin' him for ober fifteen y'ars."

We passed along, and about ten minutes later the two old muskets began to pop. The fusillade was kept up for a quarter of an hour, and then there was deep silence. When we circled around and struck the highway we saw one man legging it up the road and the other down, while a white man nodded to us from his seat on a log and said:

"I had to come down and stop it. They have kept this thing up every day for the last six months, and the first thing they know they'll hurt each other."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Medical Times says that a good way to remove irritating particles from the eye is to take a horse-hair and double it, leaving a loop. If the object can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object can not be seen, raise the lid of the eye as high as possible and place the loop as far as you can, close the eye and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be sure to come with it.

—The O'Connell family of Beresford D. T., has had nine additions in the last five years. One set of triplets and two sets of twins helped in the addition.—Chicago Herald.

—Jumping rope to excess, a few days ago, threw a little West Newburgh girl into fits, and she died.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.